One-Afty-second column (% inch) ...

NEWS AND CITIZEN.

News Established in 1877. CITIZEN Fstablished in 1872. United November 15, 1881.

Published every Thursday by

LAMOILLE PUBLISHING CO

Entered at the Morrisville Postoffice

St.J. & L.C.R, R. Time Table.

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TIME TABLE.

Trains Leave Cambridge Junction

As Follows:

10.15 A. M. PASSENGER—Due Essex Junction 11.20 a. m.;
Burlington 11.55 p. m.; Connects at
Essex Junetion with Fast Express
for Boston via Lowell, New York
via Springfield or New London.
Parlor Car to Boston also connects

Parlor Car to Boston also connects
at Essex Junction for St. Albans,
Richford and Rouse's Point.

7.15 P. M. MAIL—Due Essex Junction 8.25 p. m.; Connects with Night Express for Troy and New York, Boston via Nashua, sleeping cars;
Connects at Essex Junction with

Mixed train, leaving Jeffersonville 5.30 a.m., connects at Essex Junction with Express Mail for Boston via Lowell or Fitchburg; New York, via Troy or Springfield.

Arrival of trains at Cambridge Jct

6.15 a. m.: Mail, leaving Burlington 7.30 a. m. 4.45 p. m.: Mixed, 12.25 p. m. 7.00 p. m.: Passenger, 5.05 p. m.

Trains leave Sheldon Jot.

Trains leave Swanton

For Norwood, Ogdensburg and West, 6.22 a. m For Ogdensburg, 7.10 p.m. For Rouse's Point I 48 p. m.

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Several new features appear in this

edition, among which we call especial

attention to, 1st, an entire re-arrange

ment of matter; 2nd, a chapter on the

History and Geography of Vermont by

Civil Government of Vermont" by S

W. Landon, Principal of the Burlington High School; 3rd, a copious Index, with cross-references, to both the con-

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Express.

WAy

VOL. XIII. NO. 19.

MORRISVILLE AND HYDE PARK, VT., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1894.

A little corner with its crib

A little rubber ring to bite.

A little doll with flaxen hair,

A little willow rocking chair, A little dr ss of richest hue, A little pair of gaiters blue.

A little school day after day, A little schoolma'am to obey,

A little talk while shines the moon, A little reference to papa,

A little planning with mamma.

little struggle to be brave, little cottage on a lawn,

A little kiss-my girl was gone.

TWO RUNAWAYS.

[CONCLUDED.]

the place for bream and redbellies."

'Dere, now, dey ain' nev'r no use

tellin er man wot knows how ter fish

Isam fairly shouted:

A little study—soon 'tis past. A little graduate at last.

A little walk in leafy June;

little ceremony grave

A little mug, a spoon, a bib, A little tooth so pearly white,

A little plate all lettered round,

A little rattle to resound, A little creeping—see she stands! A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

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PROMPTLY EXECUTED

HER CONGRATULATIONS.

major could hardly trust his ears when he heard the words, "But, Lor, don' let 'im perish 'fo' yo' eyes. He's b'en er bad man. He

steal'n like er duck ter water. Roast'n "lsam"-

t'ings enny erway, while he got money, but don' let 'im perish rite 'fo' yo eyes. Tek 'im by de slack er es briches en shek 'im ov'r de flames, but don'

Then he sobbed forth, "O Lordy, Lordy, I t'ot we wuz dun home ag'in. "No, sir," said the major sternly, 'we are not at home, and I'll never get there. I am going to die.

been heard a mile away. "Oh, don' let 'im die. Skeer 'im, made another effort for freedom and re- skeer 'im, Lord, but don' let 'im die!" "Yes," continued the major, "I am tor in a circle, he rolled him on the going to die, but let tell you something,

sod, he fell over him, pounded him and Isam. I have been looking into this stamped, but without relief. The des- beast's eyes until I recognize him.' A sound came from the haw bush like grip that could not be broken. It was the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded brow gasped out an unintelligible word. The right chord had been touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam?" Isam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too deep for expression. "Well, this is Dr. Sam. He got loose the other day

The sentence was never finished.

This was the crisis. The frightened animal made one des-

perate plunge, taking the startled major by surprise, and the next instant found himself free. He did not remain apon the scene or he would have beheld the terrified negro get upon his feet, run round in a frenzy of terror and close his last circle at the foot of the bush, up old as he was. The major lay flat up-Then the reaction came. He fixed

and impressively: "Mass' Craffud, ef de Lord hadn't sist'd on Isam cum'n down ter run dat deer off, 'spec' by dis time you 'd been er-flopp'n yo' wings up yander, er else sput'n on er grindi'on down yander. And from his elevated perch Isam Indi cated the two extremes of eternity with

in eloquent sweep of his hand. But the major had small time for aughter or recrimination. In the distance there rang out faintly the full For him it was at once a welcome

can't 'splain nuthin ter er houn dog."

But the hunters who came after found naught beyond the signs of a camp, if and delay, if she succeed even then, they found anything, and soon follow- She rarely succeeds. - Philadelphia ed the hound, which had regained the Times. into the distance. The boat had long How Isam ever settled his difficulty needs no explanation. But it may in-

swamps, "loos' en free."

"Isam." hesaid as soon as his condi

Isam's only answer was a groan. "And 50 acres-of land." Again that

"And a mule and a-year's rations. The major paused from force of cir-

cumstances. After awhile the answer "Well?"

yo'n all es life."

"Yes, Isam," said the major, "you have been-a faithful, honest-nigger." There was another pause. Perhaps this was too much for Isam. But

top of a branching haw bush, where he | ter keep er-prayin. Wo', deer; wo' lay spread out like a bat and moaning | deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud! Dere. now-t'ank de Lort" recousty:

'Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick Again the major defeated the beast's spring is a trying time for the avercourtship.—Philadelphia Times.

ter 'im! Wo', deer; wo', deer! Stick struggles, and there came a truce. But age person. The system at this seater 'im, Mass' Craffud!" And the major stuck. Retaining his saw that unless something was done in remove the impurieties from the blood presence of mind, he threw his left arm his behalf he must soon yield up the cure that growing trouble, constipadevil is a preacher, but such must be the over the deer's neck, and still holding fight. Something like a spasm of fear tion, and you will be able to battle case, else why should be have a pulpit? with his right the antier looked about flashed over his face, and in the glance with the coming seasons in perfect In Hillsborough county, N. H., there is a for Isam, who had so mysteriously dis- be cast about him there was the one health. Dr. David Kennedy's Favor- solid rock with a channel 70 feet deep appeared. Something like the hold he panic stricken appeal that all men yield ite Remedy, more than any other and 30 feet wide cut through its side. A had had more than once in boyhood and to at some time. It was hard to die medicine will do this for you. It will flight of rude natural steps leads to the served him well in school combats. But there by the terrible forms of the beast purify and dissolve the excess of uric top, where there are a natural pulpit and be had never tried to hold a full grown astride him, whose eyes glared into his acid in the blood, dispel that worn pool for baptism, providing converts are buck, and so he somewhat anxiously and whose hot breath was in his face out feeling, make you sleep and eat made, St. Louis Republic searched the scene for the valiant negro. What a death!

The first words he heard distinctly

rage, and foam and sweat mingled upmajor fixed his eye sternly upon the non- on it. As soon as he caught his breath. he burst forth with: "You infernal black rascal, why don't you come-down out of that-bush and let 'im drap''help-me?" Isam's face was pitiful in its expression. His teeth chattered, and he fairly shook the bush with trembling.

The major made no reply, but fixing a got no time ter cuss now: Lif' up yo' new flathead on his hook cast it far into voice en pray! Lor, Lor, ef ev'r man the stream. had er call ter pray, you dun got it Above a blazing fire Isam soon had now. his kettle swinging, and within its For one instant it looked as if the ma depths sputtered great chunks of fish as jor would abandon his attempt to hold they rose and sank in a lake of green the deer and turn his attention to the bush, but he did not have an oppor corn and onions. With the earnestness

of a wizard preparing his strange contunity to carry out such a resolution. Revived by his moment's rest, the buck venge. He dragged his corpulent capperate man clung to his hold with a

ones. How long es hit bin sence you den bofe! Hele im Mass Craffud.

had a catfish chowd'r. Mass' Craffud?"

The major's passion was vanishing.

years 'fo' you git ernuther. I'm go'n

cummin long back I kep a-sayin, 'Now

Mass' Craffud ain' go'n ter ketch nuthin

made en lyin reddy." And Isam began

'Dis co'n," said Isam, shucking an

co'n.' Hit es co'n w'at cum up fum

las' year seed w'at de river en de hog

scatter. En dese yinguns es uv de wile

kine w'at es always up en er-doin.

Preparing the chowden

coctions he hung over the boiling mix-

ture, adding here a pinch of pepper and

there a dash of salt. As he stirred the

savory mess he sang a cheerful planta-

fallen, and the red light of the flames

brought out his figure in bold relief.

He seemed a veritable genius of the

CHAPTER V.

But Isam was no longer the chief fac

tor in the daily sins committed. Pain-

And worse, he became actively parti-

ceps criminis. He learned to creep in-

to the spreading field of "voluntary

corn"-which, by the way, invaded the

The whisky had long since vanished

med eyes and straining sides.

his writhing body.

tu'n dis buck loos'.'

knew him not.

into the lighted circle.

"es w'at dey calls 'vol'nterry

Where did you get that corn?" The

to shake his own prizes from the bag.

chalant babbler.

"Well, den, hit ain' go'n ter be 20 | Mass' Craffud!"

"About 20 years, I reckon, Isam."

Wearied down at last, the deer gave himself and victim another breathing spell, and the major continued: "If ever-I get loose from this-brute -you infernal scoundrel—I'll not leave -whole bone in your body!"

the grip of death. Indeed it was now

question of life or death.

"Don' say dat, Mass' Craffud, don'! You mustn't let de sun go down on yo' wraf! O Lor!" he continued, getting on his all fours and as near a would admit of, "don' you mine nuth'n he es er-sryin now, cos he ain' 'spons'bl'. Lor, ef de bes' angel von got wuz down dere in his fix en er fool deer wuz er-straddl'n 'im, dev ain' no tell'r w'at 'd happ'n er w'at sorter langwidge he'd let loos'. Wo', deer; wo', deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im! Steddy, deer! Steddy, Mass' Craf-

tion ditty. The dusk of evening had The major got another resting spell. By this time his breath was almost gone, and his anger had given way to unmistakable apprehension. He real

swamp, and lured from his sport by the To the same of the cheerful picture and the odor of the meal the major cast his line down and strode To other pens must be left the record of the runaways' everyday life. These pages would not hold the true chronicle of this novel expedition. Here only is space enough to deal with the prominent features and string them upon a particolored thread. Day after day the hermen plied their rods. Day after day the Kettle, and the skillet, and the coals gave forth their dainties. Fish fries decked the table one day; a split rabbit, snared in the canebrake, broiled to a turn, served for the next; even a tender shoat yielded up his innocent young life, and chowders came thick and fast.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffurd!" ized that he was in a most desperate plight, and that the only hope of rescue ful as the truth may seem, it must be lay in the frightened negro up in the told. The portly major became achaw bush. He changed his tactics for the boat, crying: cessory before the fact as well as after. when the deer rested again.

"Isam," he said gently. "Yes, honey." "Isam, come and help me, old fel "Good Gawd, Mass' Craffud," said

swamp lands and rose in columns of surprising regularity—and to load a bag with the juicy ears. He renewed his the negro earnestly. "dere ain' nuthin early skill and crawled behind snake I woodn' do fur you, but hit's better fences to abstract dew christened water- fur one ter die 'n two. Hit's a long melons. In short, he gave way to sav- sight better." "But there is no danger, Isam, non

agery; for the time being civilization whatever. Just you come down and No especial time for breaking camp with your knife hamstring the brute. I'll hold him. had been set, but the time was ap-"No. sah; no. sah; no. sah!" said proaching, and the signs were evident. Isam loudly and with growing earnest-"No, sah, it won' wuk! No,

and the tobacco was threatening to folsah! You er in fur hit now, Mass' low the whisky, when an event occurred Craffud, en et can't be holped. Dere which left a tradition that old folks in middle Georgia yet tell with tear dimain' nuthin kin save yer but de good Lor, en he ain go'n ter, less'n you ax 'im 'umblelike en er-b'liev'n en es The worthy pair had been foraging mussy. I prayed w'en I wuz down for dinner and were returning heavily dere, Mass' Craffud, dat I did, en look laden. The major bore a sack of corn, w'at happ'n. Didn' he sen' you like and Isam led the way with three watermelons. Unless the reader has attempt- er aingil, en didn' he git me up hyah safe en wholesum? Dat he did, en he ed to carry three watermelons, he will never know the labor that Isam had im- nev'r 'spec' dis nigg'r war go'n ter fling 'essef und'r dat deer arter he trouposed upon himself. The two had just ble hisse'f to shove 'im up hyah. Stick reached the edge of the canebrake, beyond which lay the camp, and were en- ter im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter im. tering the narrow path when a magni- Wo, deer: wo, deer! Look out fur es ficent buck came sweeping through and ho'n! Stick ter im, Mass' Craffud collided with Isam with such force and Dere, now-tank de Lor! suddenness as to crush and spatter his

Again the major got a breathing spell. The deer in his struggles had watermelons into a pitiful ruin and throw the negro violently to the gotten under the haw bush, and the maground. Instantly the frightened man | jor renewed his earnest negotiations seized the threatening antlers and held on, yelling lustily for help. The deer tion would allow of conversation, "if brute's legs-I will give you your free-

himself, during which he dragged the negro right and left without difficulty. but finding escape impossible turned

fiercely upon his unwilling captor and tried to drive the terrible horns through "O Lor, O Lor!" screamed Isam. "O Lor, Mass' Craffud, cum holp me

The laugh died away from Major Worthington's lips. None knew better "You know dis nigg'r b'en hard than he the danger into which Isam had work'n en hones' en look atter you en plunged. Not a stick, brush, stone or weapon of any description was at hand

help his stentorian voice was frantical- he continued after awhile: "Well lemme tell von, honey, dere

throat. But the knife's point was miss- earnest and argumentative tone, "'deed ing, and only a triffing wound was in | 'n hit 'd be 'sultin de Lor. Ain' reach. Seeing this, the negro let go sah, he dun 'ten' ter me, en ef yo got his hold, rolled out of the way, and with enny dif'culty down dere you en de deer a mighty effort literally ran upon the kin fight it out. Hit's my bizness des

ter hav' er chowd'r fum 'way back. 'Stick ter im. Mass Craffind, stick his fine knowledge of the negro charac 'Spec' we'll want 'bout six more big ter 'im! Hit's better fur one ter die ter "Isam," he said slowly and impreshole 'im! Wo , deer; wo', deer! Stick sively. But Isam was praying. Th ter 'im, Mass Craffud! Steddy! Look

out fur es ho'n! Wo', deer! Steddy, By this time the struggles of the beast ter git ev'n wi' dese hyah big monfs en had again ceased, and wearied from his cuss 'n sware, 'n play keerds, 'n bet on bont er minit. Lor, Lor! Es I wuz | double encounter he stood with his head horse race, 'n drink whisky''pulled down to the ground half astride "Isam" "En he steal-goodness, he tek ter the desperate man, who was holding on

but brim er yallerbelly wat ain' good | for life. Whether Major Worthington yers, watermilluns, chick'n-nuthin too fer chowd'r meat, en all dis co'n en yin- was frightened or not it is hard to say, guns gotter be eat des dry so, en, bless probably he was, but there was no doubt goedness! byah's de chowd'r dun haf about his being angry when he saw Isam " 'Tain' like er nigg'r stealin, Lor. spread out in the haw bush and heard his address. His face was livid with Dey dun know no better eu can' git

> The word came upward in tones of Even Isam was obliged to "Don', Mass' Craffud, don'. You ain' regard it. Hodid so from force of hab-

> > "Yessir."

Isam gave a yell that ought to have

when the plug fell out, and he and I will never give you another hour of

peace as long as you live"-With a shrick that was blood curdling reverent posture as the circumstances in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came crashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves, straight upon the deer

which he scurried again like a squirrel, on his back, after trying in vain to rise, his eye upon the pegro above and laughed until the tears washed the dirt from his face, and Isam, holding his head up so that his vision could encompass the narrow horizon, said slowly

mouthed cry of a hound. Isam heard and a stimulating sound. Gliding to the ground, he helped the wearied major to his feet and started on the run "Run, Mass' Craffud-wors'n deer's cummin. Hit's dem folks w'at know about dat corn en watermilluns, en yer Broken down as he was, the major realized that there was wisdom in the

negro's words and followed as best he could. The camp traps were thrown into the boat, and the little bark was launched. A minute later the form of laws that lie on the books of most of a great, thirsty looking bound, the runaway's bete noir, appeared on the scene. the material goods to which she is in trail of the buck and yelping passed

since passed the bend. terest the reader to know that one day number of people, therefore, continue he bore a message and a check that set- to have a practical interest in gas burntled the corn and melon debt, and they ers. An attachment for such devices tell it in middle Georgia that every year | has recently been patented by Benjamin thereafter, until the war cloud broke F. Field of Los Angeles, designed to over the land, whenever the catalpa | serve a good purpose. One occasionally worm crept upon the leaf, two runaways | hears of partial or complete suffocation fled from Woodhaven and dwelt in the from carelessness in extinguishing gas-

western portion of the French province of Gascony walk on stilts. That is a district known as the Landes, with a the bay of Biscay and extending at its papers. Proceeding on that theory, at greatest breadth about 60 miles back any rate, Mr. Field affixes to the valve made several ineffectual efforts to free you will get down - and cut this into the country. The Landes form one of the wildest and strangest parts of France, and the inhabitants are fully as strange and uncultivated as the black | piece may be caught in any one of sevthe far spreading deserts of fine white ally. To put the light out, it is necespine forests, the dreary swamps and sand which they inhabit. Most of them are shepherds, and they elevate them. The spring then closes the valve and selves on stilts five feet high in order to closes it tight. The mechanism does be above the marshes and the sand not interfere at all with the regulation blasts. These stilt walkers present of the size of the flame,-New York strange and uncouth figures as they progress over the wilderness of country in attendance on their flocks, sometimes at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. They rest by the aid of a third wooden support, pursuing meanwhile their everlasting occupation of knitting.

wool. On his body he wears a fleece her up in his arms, puts her before him his agony. Major Worthington caught | ain' nuthin you got 'r kin git w'at'll | like a rude paletot; his thighs and legs | on his horse and sweeps away like the the nearest antier with his left hand temp' dis nigg'r ter git down dere. on the outside are protected by greaves | wind. If he happens to be caught, he and made a fierce lunge at the animal's W'y," and his voice assumed a most of the same material and his feet in is shot; if he is not, the tribe from which cased in sabots and coarse woolen socks. he has stolen the girl pays them a visit In some parts of Malaysia the natives in a few days. A priest of the tribe flicted. The next instant the deer met he dun got me up hyah out'n de way, walk almost habitually on stilts. Na- joins the hands of the young man and the new attack with a rush that carried en don' he 'spec' me fur ter stay? You ture and necessity have brought about girl, and both tribes join in the festivi-Isam with it and thrust the major to reck'n he got nuth'n 't all ter do but this result, as excessive inundations of ties. Most of the brave men steal their the ground, the knife falling out of keep puttin Isam back up er tree? No river and sea often submerge the whole wives, but there are some few peace lovsurface of the land in many places.

Maach April, May.

the man was well nigh exhausted and son of the year simply needs cleansing; What a death! well. It is prescribed by physicians everywhere for just this purpose. cautious. There came to his assistance | Druggists sell it for \$1 a bottle.

hey Were Tendered In Good Faith, but With Embarrassing Results. Congratulations offered in a general way are just a little below par in one of the down town departments at present. A certain chief of division named Smith is very popular with the ladies of the department. He has under him a clerk also named Smith. On New Year's day the wife of Clerk Smith prescated him with a son and heir, and on the following day his friends in the department fairly swarmed around his desk with congratulations. That morning a modest little maiden clerk, whom for present purposes we may style Miss lones, overheard two acquaintances in the corridor talking about "mother and

child" in hushed voices, and womanlike she stopped to ask what the news was. 'Why, haven't you heard?" exclaimed one of the conversants, "Mr. Smith has had an addition to his family -- a splendid big boy. We've all been in to offer our congratulations.

"Indeed!" cried Miss Jones. "I must Suiting the action to the word and

without pausing to reflect that there were two Mesers. Smith, she started post haste for the desk of the chief of division. He was buried up to his ears in work and did not notice her approach till in her gentle little voice she said: "Please accept my congratulations, Mr. Smith.

Chief Smith is a kindly man. His friends of the other sex had been interrupting his work all the morning with wishes for a happy new year, and in his absorption he had fallen into a stereo typed way of answering without half hearing the remark or noticing its form so when he heard Miss Jones' light treble saying something indicative of good wishes he merely raised his eyes mechanically and responded with an absent air:

"Thank you, Miss Jones. The same Miss Jones gave a little gasp and at-

tempted to stammer out something exdanatory of which nothing was audible to the clerks sitting around except the words "little stranger." Still the chief, his mind full of his work, missed the entire purport of her speech. All he observed was that the dear little lady had not left her place at his side, and thinking that possibly he had not spoken distinctly enough the first time he repeated in a louder tone 'The same to you, Miss Jones-and

many of them!" This was too much both for Miss Jones, who retreated to her room, blushing like a peony, and for the surrounding clerks, who roared till the office fairly shook. Ever since Jan. 2 it has been noticed that Miss Jones conducts her business with Chief Smith's division in writing or by messenger. - Kate Field's Washington.

Legal Injustice to Women. A young man and wife start out to gether in a small investment, depend ing for profit on the joint labor of one shind the counter, or both, as business may require, the wife being the domes

tic manager. Nine times in ten, under my observation, the wife works the harder, works in the kitchen; she work in the ore; she does not indulge in luga If, after 10 years of common toil, iniding the blessed relief of mother bood and its joyful added cares, be, under our lax divorce laws, should brutally cast her off on one of the many pretexts found now sufficient, the equity of that wife and mother in the proerty of which she fully halved the making is not recognized except by caprice of courts or license of flexible statutes. I must say that the disposition of the judiciary has been almost invariably

on the side of equity, but common law and statutory bars still operate hardly upon the wife and mother, The mother, however abject her poverty, wants the child or the children and will work herself to the bone to maintain and educate them. Under th our states, she cannot get her moiety of conscience entitled, except after expense

Rendering Gas Burners Safer. Electricity has not yet displaced gas it do so for a long while yet. A large lights in sleeping rooms. Inexperience inattention, fatigue or possibly intoxication prevents the valve from being The majority of the people in the properly closed when the gas is turned off, and probably this has more than the alleged blowing out of the light to do with the accidental asphyxiation reported every now and then by the newstinually tries to shut off the gas. When the gas is turned on, a jointed thumberal notches and held there automaticsary only to disengage the thumbpiece.

Tribune. An Arab Courtship Bashful lovers are almost an unknown curiosity in Arabia, for Arab "courtship" is unceremonious, to say the least of it. A young man sees a girl whom he would like to marry in another tribe In appearance the Landes shepherd | He rides up at night, finds out where she looks like an uncouth mass of dirty | is sleeping, dashes up to her tent, snatches ing youths who do not. On a calm moonlight night you may see one of these latter sitting before the tent of his lady-March, April and May are the arch- love singing a song of his own composies of a bridge which bind the season | tion and playing a stringed instrument of ice to that of roses. Therefore the something like our banjo. This is his

It may not be generally known that the

and preserver of health.

We find on taking account of stock that we have

VaW Anterwood Tild - on one T Remnants in Dress Flannels, allwool Serges, all kinds of Dress Goods, odd Pants, odd Suits, &c with me will please bear in mind that there, -pointing to the log jammed I want them settled. Some have run creek behind him, slowly mingling its CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD

In fact in almost all lines. We shall offer these at prices that

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in their hands for division and sale what is termed

Boynton Heighths, better known at present as Jersey Heighths. Negotiations are under way with a competent Civil Engineer to lay out the land in streets and lots as it should be, and in a manner so attractive as to lead you to wonder that you had never thought of the possibilities of this locality before. There is

nothing to conceal in the plan, which is this :-Every other lot will be sold at a low figure. No price will be placed on the others until buildings have been erected on those sold, when a smart price will be charged for those remaining. It is generally conceded that Morrisville, with

Academy and Library,

affords educational advantages rarely found. To those living outside who contemplate locating here (and the number is not small) that they may secure these advantages for their children, let us say, here is your chance to secure a location for a home that

you will do well to consider. Before the sweets of the sugar season are tasted this land will be plotted and as planned will appear

in Fisk & Slocum's office. We still wish to keep before your eyes the fact that we have several choice farms and village residences for sale on easy terms. Also some choice building lots in the village at \$300 to \$1000 per

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much too long already. A. F. WHITNEY, Morrisville.

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whar ter drap er line. De two go 'long tergether. Des you tek dese hyar lines, Mass' Craffud, en git reddy fer supper, w'ile I 'ten ter de res'." Cleveland Throwing open his pack, Isam displayed his simple tackle, hurried Linseed Meal, around and cut a pole from a neighboring brake, and peeling the bark from a Buffalo Gluten fallen tree picked out a handful of flatheads. Adjusting himself to a log, the major cast his line and began to draw Meal.

Dere, now," chuckled Isam, "I Cotton seed Meal, ain' seen vou do dat sence vou was ercourtin Miss 'Mandy Bullard en we all wuz down ter Sykes' fishpond." Spring & Winter But the major was landing fish and did not have time to listen to Isam, ob-Wheat Bran, serving which that individual, casting an inquiring glance at the sun, seized his ax and went to work in the cane-The best trake. In an incredibly short space of time he had cut down and dragged up Provender sold, enough poles to construct a rude hut. and soon after completed the shanty. Granulated Then, with one happy glance at the fu-

gitive perched upon the log contentedly warring with the bream, he glided off into the woods and disappeared from Despite the popular notion concerning the runaway negro, he never got very far from civilization in his wanderings. The swamp was to him merely a retreat. His smokehouse was elsewhere. When Isam glided away, leaving the Low Prices, and hog paths with unerging instinct and recalled landmarks with surprising accuracy. But where he was going and what for are matters that can wait. The major must not be left alone. which has an established reputa tion of being the best flour sold, can be found with anything in

Isam had not been long gone before the fisherman began to suffer from the perversity of the piscatorial god. The bream and redbelly ceased to bite. The colony had been exhausted or driven away, and in its place settled a tribe of thining cats. These began to give the major occupation. His float would go under handsomely. There would be a strong pull, and resisting steadily a catfish would break into view. The major stood this persecution, it may be, for 15 minutes, then the pa-

tience of the fisherman was exhausted. As the hour wore away, I regret to say that the swearing became almost continuous, and the major reached what is generally termed a "state of mind." Isam was approaching the camp when the language of the fisher attracted his attention. "Oomhoo," he said, stopping to lis-

ten. "Sum'n dun gone wron wid Mass' Craffud. Creeping to the edge of the brake, he beheld his companion engaged in his unequal conflict with the fate that at times overtakes all fishers. New Hampshire of Manchester, ducked back and held his sides. "Et dere's anyt'n go'n ter upsot dat

kind er man quick, hit's cats. Des liss'n now!" The negro peeped out again. The major was lashing the water with an unfortunate victim, then he saw the irate fisherman drop a huge cat upon the bank and with the paddle dash him to pieces, and again grind another beneath his heel and end by kicking the remains far out into the stream. Isam reveled in this display of passion until wearied out and then prepared to make his presence known. Going back a hundred yards into the canebrake, he

shouldered his well stuffed sack and tifted his voice in song: "Sum folks say nigg'r won' steak I caught one in my co'nfiel. He was cheerfully giving expression to this suggestive refrain when he broke in upon the scene and pretended

to stumble over a gasping cat. Down came his bag. "Dere, now, ef I cood pick'd de ve'v fish I wanted fur ter mek dat chowd'r. hit 'ud er been dis same cat." Isam's teeth shone, and his eyes glistened. As he looked about and saw the other unwelcome captives he threw up his

'Where you catch 'm, Mass' Craf-'Right here," said the major, re-

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PHOTOGRAPHS! except his small pocketknife. Hastily opening that, he rushed upon the deer. SOMETHING NEW! garding him suspiciously, "and I have-Isam's eyes were bursting from their n't been catching anything else for an sockets and appealed piteously for the Remember that I make a grand discount to STUDENTS and to CLUBS 'Den don' yer stop now. You des ly imploring until the woods rang with go rite 'long ketchin 'em, en we go'n of four upwards. All work is WAR-RANTED satisfactory before leaving J. CHAS. SPAULDING, ARTIST,